

XV.

Now *Pit* who should Blame,
For he fail'd in his Scheme,
Would Act like a *Jew* or a *Turk-Man*;
What Knaves, or what Fools,
The fault of the *Tools*,
Would lay to the Charge of the *Workman*.

XVI.

But Stories are told,
(As Tongues will be bold)
Which make many angry and rage on't;
That all was a *Job*,
For amusing the *Mob*,
A meer useless Mock Lord Mayor's Pageant.

XVII.

Now who is in Fault?
A Rope, as there ought,
For the *Daftard* or *Treach'rous Gullet*;
Or else, d' you hear,
What some Folks most fear,
Instead of a Halter, a *Bullet*.

XVIII.

Dear Fame, Goddess, bend
To this Notion attend,
From an Author, both *Praying* and *Fasting*;
That what was so long,
Kept conceal'd from the Throng,
May a Secret be kept everlasting.



F I N I S

44

THE
TIMES.
A
MODEST ODE.

Infans namque Pudor prohibebat plura profari.

Urgent impavidi Te Saliminius,
Teucerque, sciens et Sthenelus pugnae,
Quem tu——

HOR.



L O N D O N :

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THE

T
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S.

MODEST ODE.



Hor.

THE TIMES.

I.

SUPERIOR Talent's the Pretence
 Why Ministers are made :
Hard---k had Law ; and *F-x* had Sense :
Newc--tle had Experience,
 And *Anf-n* knew his Trade.

II.

But in the Name of Heav'n, what Fate
 Sent forth this Tribe to rule ?
 Presumpt'ous ! ignorant ! elate !
 So farcical their Airs of State—
 And every Man — a Fool.

III.

What Figures have we here to Day?

Outlandish Grenadiers !

Or Knights of *Mancha* in Array,

Or Ostriches sent from the BEY

Of *Tunis* or *Algiers*.

IV.

To T——'s Guidance is assigned

The *British* naval Thunder:

H-m-t-r with G——lle here you find,

P-tt-r with little D-pl-n join'd,

And that I own 's a Wonder.

V.

Slow-halting-P-tt the House has gain'd

At last — Pox take the Gout:

Yet to this Illness true or feign'd

You owe the little Time you've reign'd,

Or else we'd found you out.

VI.

Look not so big with swollen Pride,

But measure your Sword's Length:

The House-why do you not divide?

Shew us the Numbers on your Side,

And let us *see* your Strength.

VII.

Where is your boasted, magick Skill,

To raise the Year's Supplies?

Will none of the Subscriptions fill?

Is your Friend *Henriques* taken ill?

Or have the People Eyes?

VIII.

No Nation underneath the Sun,

You cried, was injured more:

Say what Amendment is begun?

Or have you not yourself out-done

All that you blamed before?

IX.

No Turnpike-Bill but strait you said

“ Behold the dire Criterion !

“ Militia, Publick-Debt, the Trade,

“ The Act of Settlement betray’d,

“ And all turn’d *Han-----n.*”

X.

When you this dreadful Picture drew

Thus without Rhyme or Reason,

Had you more Meaning in your View

Than *Henley* with his Ambigu

Of Blasphemy and Treason ?

XI.

Quit—quit the Helm you cannot steer ;

Make Room for those you’ve slander’d :

Your Brother too, the Main-Mast Peer,

All, all that reach or come but near

The ministerial Standard.

XII.

Your former Task then recommence,
 Again you may deceive :
 Your Pedantry of Eloquence,
 There are, who, void of common Sense,
 Will readily believe.

XIII.

Affist, when they their Downfall meet,
 Some Deity in Charity !
 Catch them ye Nymphs of River *Fleet* ;
 Recline 'em on your oozy Seat,
 That Couch of Popularity !

F I N I S.